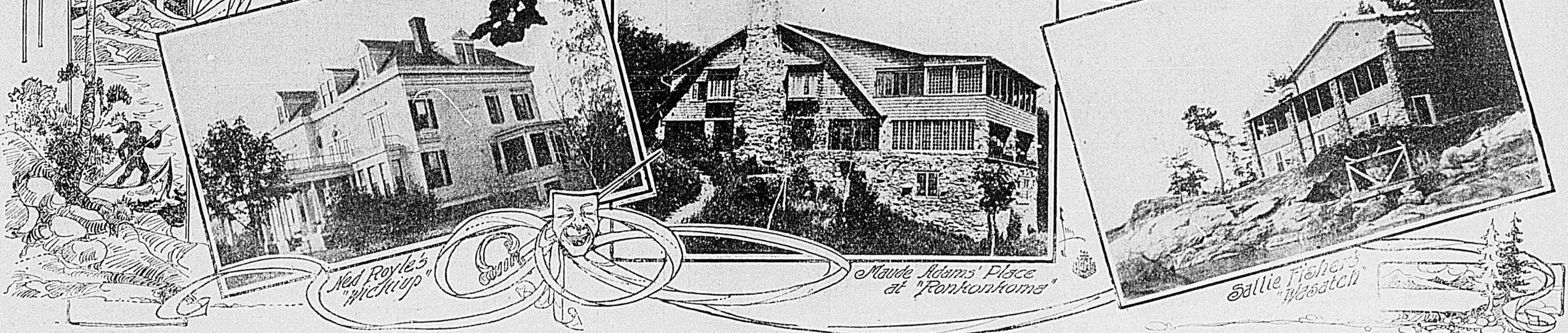


# Summer Homes of Three Salt Lake Prominent in Stage Life



The Indian names Mr. Royle and Miss Fisher have bestowed upon their summer homes demonstrate that their early association with western life and manners still remains a potent influence, while Miss Adams, in choosing the village of Ronkonkoma for her domicile, also showed her love for aboriginal titles. Mr. Royle's "Wickiup," at Darien, Conn., suggests his own experiences on the Uintah Reservation, years ago, where "The Squaw Man," to which he owes fame and fortune, first suggested itself, and out of which grew his late successful novel, the sequel to the other story, "The Silent Call."

Maude Adams' retreat is on Long Island, near Ronkonkoma, a village named after the beautiful lake near by, and which in turn got its musical appellation from one of the Indian tribes immortalized by Cooper. Sallie Fisher's "Wasatch Camp," located in the woods of Maine, comes from our own mountains, and particularly from the resort at the mouth of Little Cottonwood canyon, where, long before the present hotel was erected, "Sallie," as a youngster, fished, swam, climbed the trees and scaled the granite heights.



ED ROYLE, being asked for something from his pen for The Christmas News, contributed the following breezy description of his summer home:

The Wickiup, Darien, Conn. My dear W— New York will soon be an office building. Even no one will endure the noise, dirt, disease, and fury of the city who can get away. New York once had residents, fairly intelligent, rather nice looking people, who lived there. If you could see the crowds in its streets now you would realize that New York no longer has residents, only prisoners, and most of them look as if they ought to be confined in even narrower limits. I suppose it is the man with the motor who re-discovered the country. One day he got past the brick and stone and asphalt, and saw trees, grass and the sunshine, and then he told others, and no one would believe it until they saw for themselves. People go to the country too, because it is an easier, quicker, pleasanter way to spend money. The city way wasn't any longer fast enough. That antique joke about making money on the farm, why out this way it would make a horse laugh. No city equine could laugh, but out here even our horses enjoy a joke at our expense.

You ask for a photo and some description of my place. Well, we have a 20-acre corner lot in Darien. This part of Conn. (the original inhabitants try to live up to that abbreviation with some success) is like Surrey, England, rolling country, hill and dale, heavily wooded, laced with streams, and rocky. No one need ever go off his own place for building materials, for they grow there. You harvest a fine crop of building materials, and fancy you've got it all in, and the next morning you see a fine new crop has sprung up and finally you realize that you have a self-seeding, self-perpetuating crop of eternal and everlasting rock. You have heard of the Rock of

Agass, Connecticut! It's beautiful though, as beautiful as Surrey, and that is saying much. Our place slopes gently both ways, and is cut in the middle by a stream, which debouches into a "lake" (pond), which eventually into a child's waterfall. We have had no rain to speak of for five months and the waterfall fell until—well, we can only talk about it now, and point to the spot where it was. When we cleaned out the lake this spring we found five big carp, one of them weighing 15 pounds. Carp, by the way, after soaking them in water for several weeks to get all the carp taste out of them, are delicious. They are a great favorite with the Germans. We bought this place by the way, from a German builder. I have heard of builders who would cheat themselves, but this one built the house for himself, and lived in it for many years, consequently it is well built. (Note: When you select your builder, induce him to build for himself and make him live in the house for a number of years.) Our German builder not only built a house but he laid out a fine lawn, much beautiful shrubbery, some noble shade and ornamental trees, substantial drives and walks, a large, commodious barn, gardens, cottage, and conservatory, and chicken houses; the latter had curvature of the spine, however, and indeed everywhere we looked we met a financial appeal, an irresistible appeal. We spent \$10,000 on the place before we thought and then when we were beginning to think, along comes another fellow and offers us \$7,000 more than the whole thing cost us, so you see the microbe is prevalent. I forgot to say that we have a noble bit of woods, two fine orchards, pasture land and a good kitchen garden and an artesian well.

The picture I send you, does not show some of the important members of our family. We have two well-mannered lady-like cows who refuse to sit with the others, two pigs, named by the children, "Waggle" and "Wiggle," laid out on truly magnificent architectural lines, two white pink-eyed rabbits which the children promised to feed, 150 chickens, and cats! We started with two well-behaved (apparently) lady cats. There is no race-suicide about our cats. Every time we turn around there is a new edition, with no apparent male parent to meet the responsibility. It is scandalous and as we cannot kill any of the cunning things, well, we are now buying food for



the island, and built there the home shown in the illustration. She calls her place "Sandy Garth." It is in the center of Long Island, which at that point, is only 12 to 15 miles wide from the sound to the bay. It is located about a mile and a quarter from the beautiful lake Ronkonkoma, named after an Indian chief, who, in the old times, is said to have drowned himself in its waters. The lake is eight or ten miles in length.

Miss Adams' delightful dwelling is a big roomy house having two stories and a huge basement, the latter of which is like a rocky fortress, and can be entered by the teams which unload coal for the big furnace located there. On the first floor there is a huge living room, off which are the dining room, kitchen, pantries, etc. Up stairs is another living room, five bedrooms, and two bath rooms, while the deep screened porch almost surrounds the house. A few feet from the building is a small lake on which there is a boat always kept, and in which Miss Adams disports herself for out-door baths in the warm season. This lake measures about 55 square acres. Miss Adams' establishment is three miles from a railroad station, through a delightful drive. She has not visited Ronkonkoma very much lately, as her summers have been spent abroad, mostly in Ireland, where she lives the simple life near Dublin.

cats. In this connection, I want to say in behalf of "Reno," our dog, that he is a respectable member of society, comes of good family and, so far as I

know, has never been near that resort of the socially half and half.

Inside our house we have only begun, not even that, but we have installed a new heating system, electric light, and a new water system, and have a perfectly comfortable house. We intend to treat it from the Colonial standpoint, but not slavishly. We will exclude nothing that is either beautiful in itself or that has an appeal to us. We have space, light, sunshine, and high ceilings, and (terrible to think of) we have 21 rooms. Our "valuables" consist of things of no great importance in themselves—a skull cap worn by Edwin Booth (made from a cap worn by me as Tubal) in the character of Shylock, and a card in the great man's handwriting to this effect: "To Edwin Royle Esq., with compliments of Edwin Booth, 1888." Also in frames, an autograph letter (and photograph) of Clyde Fitch in regard to "The Squaw Man," one from Fanny Davenport in regard to "Friends," (with a quaint old photo of her in the helmet of a fireman), one from William Crane in regard to "My Wife's Husbands," one from James A. Herne in regard to "Friends," etc., etc., and one valuable note from Coquelin, who came to see "Friends" in Frisco and then came to our hotel and spent a Sunday afternoon with us, a very wonderful experience for us. The things we have were picked up and most of them have a story. We have some fine Navajo rugs made for me by "one-eared-dog," through the good offices of Spencer Clawson. In the drawing room is a crystal chandelier which is a poem in glass. They were wrecking Banker Morgan's residence in Fifth avenue and we managed to get it when no one was looking. It cost \$150 to have a skilled workman take it down and re-assemble it. It cost originally \$2,000, could not be duplicated for that. I didn't say it did not cost us any such sum. It is a thing of beauty, and it is rather hard to live up to, but then we are not trying to please the experts who do not live in our house. We have a quaint, beautiful chair (lamp chair) made to order for Lou Fuller, picked up in a second hand store for a song. It had an antique, hand-worked copper lamp on it from which we had made two very beautiful lamps. When we get through our house will reflect our shortcomings, our idiosyncrasies, our want of taste, but it will be individual, a part of us and of our lives.

Cordially yours, EDWIN MILTON ROYLE.



ALLIE FISHER, in spite of her youth, has an old business head, and her earnings, which reach a handsome figure each year, are steadily being "salted down" in real estate. Her first investment was in a country home at Long Island, which is about 15 miles from Broadway where she could visit back and forth in her automobile. The

building boom followed her so rapidly that the place lost the privacy for which her heart hungered and her thoughts turned to the enchantment of the great Maine woods, and there not long ago, she purchased a country home, which, in recollection of the delightful times she passed in the old Cottonwood resort, not far from Salt Lake, she named "Wasatch Camp." Here she spends her summers, and her mother passes a good deal of her time there when Sallie is absent following her profession. The house contains eight bedrooms, four up stairs, and four down, so there is always room for the guests who keep coming and going. The living room, dining room and kitchen are all on the main floor. Out side the wide porch is screened along three sides of the house, and here they live, nearly all of the summer. Hammocks, lounges, and easy chairs fill up the porch spaces. The main feature of the living room is the enormous stone fireplace, nine feet wide, and it takes big feet to fill it. One may imagine what the room looks like on a cold night, with a cheery fire from these logs roaring up the chimney. The house is built of rock and shingles, the wood work being painted green, and the trimmings in white. Water surrounds the house on three sides, and 20 feet from the house the big steamers start off they pass by on their water journeys. Sallie is never so happy as when she is presiding at "Wasatch Camp," and it is the dearest wish of her heart that some day she may be able to entertain there her old Salt Lake friends, whom she knew in her younger days, when as a girl she passed some enjoyable times at the resort at the mouth of Little Cottonwood canyon.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD STOCK DAYS IN SALT LAKE

(Continued from page four.)

E. Bowring, Nellie Colebrook, W. C. Dunbar, John Kelly, Lizale Platt, Alice Clawson, Harry Horsely and a host of others, stare out from the pages, and an hour's talk with Miss Alexander on the early theatrical days in Salt Lake, is worth the trip to Harlem and back again many times over. In the memory of these days she lives and dreams. "There is no theater just quite so 'comfy' built in these days, as the old Salt Lake theater," she says. "No stock company was ever quite so homelike and cozy as that we belonged to, and as for a stage, President Young knew more about the needs of a stage than any manager now living." Many other such expressions are listened to in hearing her reminiscences of by-gone days.

Miss Alexander loves to tell inquiring friends who ask about her theatrical debut, that it was made at the request of President Young, and managers H. E. Clawson and John T. Caine. She accepted the part of Matilda Peppercorn in "Marriage at Any Price." Maggie Thomas Romney was in the same cast, the date was Oct. 14, 1885. On her last appearance, Oct. 15, 1885, she played for her benefit, Marion in "The Pride of the Market," the same play that saw the Salt Lake Theater doors open to the public, March 8, 1882.

Fara, as she was familiarly called, showed great talent in her acting and also showed a lightness of foot and aptitude for dancing to such a degree that Prof. George Bowser, teacher of the actress Lotta Crabtree, who was then taking mountain air and resting for awhile in Utah, was engaged to teach the coquette the intricacies of the Terpsichorean art. In three weeks Fara played a principal part in "Maggie Toys," and gave five separate dances to the wonder both of her teacher and managers; from that time, she was known as the "premiere danseuse" of the Salt Lake Stock company.

At her benefit farewell, just mentioned, (and by the way, these benefits were conspicuous things to the actors in the old stock days), two names in big type appear, and though not altogether familiar to this generation they were well known in the first years of the theater—one of them is Louise Young, who read, "Widow Bedotte," and another was her sister, Sara Young, who, with her, danced a double polka, that had been taught them by Miss Alexander. These two girls often appeared as the leading ladies assisting Miss Alexander in her many fairy dances, and they were quite the envy of their sisters and friends in the plays, produced under the direction

of Managers Clawson and Caine; at the benefit, Hardie, the Scotch baritone, sang two Scotch ballads. The fame of the Salt Lake Theater and its stock company spread east and west; stars and partly made up travelling companies, were sure of excellent support if they reached the western capital; the Irwins, George Pauncefort, E. L. Davenport, and many others of celebrity, descended upon this well trained band of players. With Pauncefort, Miss Alexander played "Black Eyed Susan," the title part, on which the clever English actor was pleased to compliment her, before the entire company. With E. L. Davenport, (father of the lamented Fanny), she played Dolly Mayflower, and at his request danced with him a double horn pipe in his production of "Black Eyed Susan." Miss Aesenth Adams then took

ing the part of Susan. Davenport was unmistakably proud of his accomplishment as a dancer, and proposed the double horn pipe as a climax to the end of the first act, complimenting the Utah dancer very highly at the finish.

During all this season of theatricals, Miss Alexander, like all the other members of the stock company, was gaining experience from the vast variety of new characters thrust upon her each week, her range being Ophelia to Topsy; the latter part, with Sam Willoughby in "The Ticket of Leave Man," are among the best character parts she did while identified with the Salt Lake company. The boy characters assumed by her were always sure of approval from press and public; her King Charles II, a part she refused in the earlier years of her engagement,

proved an immense hit for the actress, but to her ingenu character roles she owed the popularity she earned.

Perhaps the most important engagement of an outside star that came to Utah during the years Miss Alexander played there was the coming of Julia Dean Hayne, under the management of C. D. Potter, who arrived in Salt Lake in August, 1885, but not until Nov. 26, of the same year, did Miss Alexander have a character part with Mrs. Hayne. Potter's company disbanded, most of them going east, while the leading man, George B. Waldron, remained as support of Julia Dean; on Nov. 26, Miss Alexander played Susette with Alice Clawson as Rosine, and Mrs. Bowring as the countess, in "The Fatal Mask." In support of the star, in "Gamsa," one of Mrs.

Hayne's strong plays, she again appeared in the cast, with Emily Young and Ardelle Clawson in the cast. During this great actress' long engagement, which ran till June 20, 1886, Miss Alexander played many parts and at the finish when the "Pope of Rome," was given as Julia Dean's farewell, she played "Beppo." It was not all work and no play, with this fascinating actress; as a result of the schooling under her each and everyone who made up the happy family graduated from the amateur staff of home made talent into full fledged professionals. As is well known, the Mormons kept themselves aloof from outside influences on the stage as elsewhere, but now and then an ardent wooer came who would not accept "no," as they say. An excerpt from W. Hepworth Dixon's "New America," cherished by Miss Alexander, may be cited to show the care exercised by those in authority over the young actresses at that time.

"Brigham Young, and his agent, H. B. Clawson, are bestowing much care upon the education of Miss Adams, the young lady who has everything to learn except the art of being lovely; also upon that of Miss Alexander, a girl who besides being pretty and piquante, has genuine ability for her work. A story which shows that President Young has a feeling for humor has been told me, of which Miss Alexander is the heroine. A strolling actor from San Francisco fell into desperate love for her, and went up to the president's house, to ask leave to address her. 'Ha! my good fellow, said the prophet, I have seen you play Hamlet very well, and Julius Caesar, pretty well, but you must not aspire to Alexander.' Miss Alexander was advised by many to go abroad and study; particularly was she urged to make dancing a feature of study, and the journey to California, where as an ex-member of the noted Mormon company, she gained immediate employment on the stage, and her subsequent success there, determined the young lady to make dancing her serious business. But the death of her sister, Mrs. Finlayson, and the care of her infant daughter, Lisle, turned the current of her thoughts and ambitions in another channel; so to the east she came with the object of educating her niece in some profession. Naturally, the young girl drifted into stage life, and under her name of Lisle Leigh, is today well known among the best stock artists. Miss Leigh has been at the head of many companies and vaudeville sketches, and is always engaged and makes good in whatever she undertakes. The declining years of Miss Alexander are free from worry, owing to the success of her adopted daughter, and the two now live very happily here, traveling on the road occasionally to all engagements.

The reminiscences of the old Salt Lake days, and her life with the old dramatic company, are memories that never fade, but grow fresher as the years slip by. Socially, Miss Alexander was an immense favorite in the old days, and now as of old, she is still a most interesting personality. She clings to the memory of her friends as models of all that is loveliest in life, and is herself a character loved by all who know her, a woman true, noble and charitable in her judgment of humanity.

JANET



### WHERE ARE THE GIRLS OF YESTERDAY?

No more interesting group of girl students ever left the University of Utah than that shown in the accompanying picture. The 11 young ladies and one other, Valerie Britton, who happened to be away when the photo was taken, formed the Sorority club, and scintillated in university life during the years 1905-6. Some of the young ladies are now matrons, some are still single, but their names, as they stood when they were members of the Sorority, are as follows, reading from the left hand in the picture to right: Lucy Jeremy, Alice Farnsworth, Malvina Brinton, Margaret Taylor, Florence Farnsworth, Lena Moore, Cora Mulgrave, Mona Wilcox, Aurania Ellerbeck, Edith Kingsbury and Nessie Patterson. The club is still existent at the U. of U.